

ALLADS, LEGENDS,
AND LYRICS

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DUDLEY BERESFORD



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BALLADS, LEGENDS
AND LYRICS

BALLADS, LEGENDS AND LYRICS

BY

DUDLEY BERESFORD

AUTHOR OF "LYRICS AND LEGENDS," "THE LOVE THAT CONQUERS"
"THE PRICELESS LOVE," ETC.

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Ballads, Legends, and Lyrics

ERRATUM

Page 4, bottom line, delete comma after "said he"

Ballads, Legends and Lyrics.

For Isabella loved Sir John,
Yet could he be her own ?

For was he not of alien blood ?
Of royal blood was she :
King Ferdinand to such a match
Would surely ne'er agree.

¹ Sir John Sounder.

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Ballads, Legends, and Lyrics

ISABELLA; OR, THE PENNON OF ST. GEORGE

HARK ! for the war drums loudly beat,
The silver trumpets blow :
King Ferdinand of Portugal
Goes forth to meet his foe.

To fight the knights of old Castile,
And with him is Sir John :¹
The English flag has been unfurled
With merry jest and song.

But there was sorrow in the heart
Of one left sad and lone :
For Isabella loved Sir John,
Yet could he be her own ?

For was he not of alien blood ?
Of royal blood was she :
King Ferdinand to such a match
Would surely ne'er agree.

¹ Sir John Sounder.

Yet they had plighted well their troth,
Whatever should befall :
They would be lovers true till death,
And constant be through all.

Long months had passed and not a word
Had come, her heart to cheer :
Sir John in battle had been killed !
The news spread far and near.

And so when war's red hand was stayed,
When sheathed the sword of might,
A suitor came to claim her hand,
He said 'twas his by right !

Don Guzman, brother of the King,
Castilian brave was he ;
But Isabella loved him not,
Nor wished his face to see.

'Twas on the eve before the day
The feast had been prepared ;
With merry dance and minstrel's song,
The nuptial vows declared.

The poet of the bridegroom sang :
Don Guzman, bold and free :
And of the bride in ode and song,
Sweet as June's rose was she.

" Who claims fair Isabella, who ? "
Rang out in clarion tone :

"The dance shall cease, the minstrel's lay,
I claim her hand alone."

The Court was dumb ! Whence came the voice,
Who was the knight so bold
Who dared disturb the wedding feast
Of Guzman, brave and bold ?

He grasped his tried and trusty sword.

"Who at this feast would dare
To meet Don Guzman of Castile ?
He'll rue the day, I swear !"

"I dare to meet thee," said a knight :
He threw his cloak aside :

"Sir John ! Sir John ! It is Sir John !"
Now echoed far and wide.

Then spake the King : "See yonder flags,
Unfurled, they wave in peace :
These nuptials prove our amity,
War in our land must cease !"

"Perish that vain, inglorious peace !"
Sir John in wrath replied :

"We plighted troth that we would wed,
Nought shall our love divide !"

"Speak with respect," Don Guzman cried,
"Of those fair flags entwined :
What standard dares to be unfurled,
When they this union bind ?"

“ The Pennon of St. George ! ” replied
Sir John, and blew a blast :
That bugle-call his comrades heard,
To him came riding fast.

With clash of sabres, on they rode,
And forced the palace gate :
Before the King the knights all stand,
King Ferdinand ingrate.

“ Where is our pay ? ” Sir William ¹ said :
“ We have in battle fought,
And for your flag, in friendship true
Some gallant deeds have wrought.”

“ Peace ! peace ! ” the King, surprised, replied,
“ And you shall all be paid ;
Our will is that Don Guzman wed,
These nuptial vows be made.”

“ Nay,” he replied : “ she is Sir John’s,
His well-affianced bride ;
They pledged their troth, and nought but death
Can turn those vows aside.”

“ If that is so,” Don Guzman said,
“ Then take her for your own !
The world is wide and I can tread
Its ways, a knight, alone.”

The Court applauded, but the King
Uneasy looked : said he,

¹ Sir William Helmon.

“ The maid shall choose ! Whom will you wed ?
The choice shall rest with thee.”

“ Come, choose a wandering English knight,
Or brother of a king :
Speak, Isabella, name your choice,
If you would wear the ring.”

“ Here does my choice rest,” she replied,
And rushed Sir John to greet :
“ Forgive my fickleness,” she said ;
Their fond lips warmly meet.

“ Yes, I'll forgive thee,” said Sir John,
“ For never will we part :
But soon will seal our nuptial vows,
The union of each heart.”

Then said Sir William : “ Let us go,
And with us take the bride.”
And so they sailed for England's shores,
The bells rang far and wide.

May heaven save all lovers true,
And right from wrong defend :
May they be wedded as these two,
And triumph in the end.

THE TWO ROSES

WITHIN a room, in silence weeps
A mother, sad and lone :
Elizabeth, the stately Queen
Of England's royal throne.

Sorrow and grief, that come alike
To King and people too,
Have rent her heart with anguish sore,
A mother's heart so true !

Edward the Fourth, her husband, dead !
The Princes in the Tower !
Does not the bloody traitor ¹ plot
For sceptred sway and power ?

Richard, the Duke of Gloucester, ah !
Arch-traitor, crafty he !
Crookéd in morals as in form,
King of the realm to be.

Woe to the Princes ! woe to her
Who plays a mother's part !
Never again are they to meet ;
Mother and sons must part !

¹ Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.

Lo ! in the gloomy Tower play
Two children, young and fair ;
Yet on each face are childish tears,
Dark fears are written there.

What is that noise upon the stairs ?
They start and cease their play !
Is it a haunting sound of night ?
They wish that it were day.

Never again 'twill dawn for them,
To-night they'll sleep in death :
A stealthy form is drawing nigh,
He comes, with bated breath !

Sir Walter Tyrrel, is it you
Who does the traitor's will ?
The heavens soon will thunder wrath,
Though all be calm and still.

He enters, bids the Princes fair
To rest in downy bed :
See how they start in childlike fear,
Well may they shrink in dread.

Time marks the hour ! Oh ! fiendish deed !
The Princes both are dead !
Tyrrel has murdered Prince and heir,
Gloucester shall reign instead !

" Where are my children ? " said the Queen :
" They both are safe," said he :
" Vile traitor to their cause and mine,
Curséd henceforth to be ! "

Gloucester is crowned ! “ Long live the King ! ”
The people shout and sing ;
But heaven hears a mother's prayers,
Though earthly plaudits ring.

Richmond has come, the staunch, the true ;
The Red Rose o'er the sea :
Richard shall fall, and thou shalt reign,
The White Rose thine shall be !

On Bosworth's bloody field, behold
The tyrant, Richard, slain !
Richmond is King, and love has made
Two hearts one, that were twain.

Lady Elizabeth, arise !
And cheer thy mother's heart :
Let joy be mixed in sorrow's cup,
And cure pain's bitter smart.

Richmond is King ! he loves thee well,
Thou unto him art wed :
Henry the Seventh's favoured bride,
The nuptial vows are said.

So York and Lancaster are one,
All battles now shall cease ;
For red and white have pledged their troth,
In true love's glorious peace.

THE WHITE ROSE OF ENGLAND

"ILL shall betide the Gordon fair
Who would the Rose of England wear,
England's White Rose," tradition said,
But Katherine Gordon laughed and fled

To where the roses bloomed below,
And where the silver water's flow
Had made the bank a slippery snare
To trap the feet of Katherine fair.

"Tell not such silly tales to me,
England's White Rose my flower shall be,"
So said the haughty Gordon fair ;
Eleanor Lyndsay standing there

Beheld her near the streamlet go
To where the roses bloomed below ;
She heard a splash, a cry, a scream :
Katherine had sunk beneath the stream.

A stranger who had stood near by
Had seen her fall and heard the cry :
Into the waters cold dived he,
His heart was brave as brave could be.

He loved sweet Katherine, ah, so well,
For her he to dishonour fell :
He who is noble oft can fall,
Yielding to evil, losing all !

So Perkin Warbeck once so brave,
Who saved her from a watery grave,
Has fallen in temptation's hour
And falsely plots for throne and power :

Clothworker's son he was before,
Of parents poor ! behold a store
Of riches and a gilded crown !
Can he not win them and renown ?

Were not the Princes in the Tower ?
In dungeon cast ? Despotic power
Had murdered them with bloody hand :
What then that cry through all the land ?

Richard Plantagenet is nigh !
He did not with Prince Edward die !
Murdered ? Ah, no, he lives to-day !
Warbeck is Richard, so men say.

Has not the Duchess ¹ on him smiled,
Has she not called him nephew ? Child ?
Child of deceit who soon must fall,
Crying, " Down with the King ² and all ! "

He the White Rose, ah, weaver's son,
So they named him ere he had won

¹ The Duchess of Burgundy.

² King Henry VII.

Crown and kingdom to call his own ;
Right can prosper, and right alone.

He that weareth a gilded crown,
If he win it by fair renown,
Haply shall prosper ; vain is he
Who shall take it by falsity.

What the worth of an ill-got throne ?
What if even a man should own
All the world with its pomp and show,
If his conscience should smite him low ?

James of Scotland ¹ his help will give.
Edward murdered ! does Richard live ?
Then Warbeck aid to win the crown,
Down with King Henry ! Despot, down !

So he seeks for the Gordon fair.
“ I am Richard, I now declare ! ”
“ You are Warbeck, clothworker’s son.”
“ No, Plantagenet ! ” She is won.

“ Richard the Duke of York ? ” “ ’Tis I !
And at your feet I suppliant lie :
Give me your hand, I love but you,
And I declare my words are true.”

With splendour great and pomp and show,
See the knave to the King’s court go ;
James is seated upon his throne,
Perkin Warbeck is not alone.

¹ King James of Scotland.

On his right stands the Gordon fair,
Hears him falsely his rights declare :
“ I am Richard, the royal duke ! ”
All acclaim him and none rebuke.

James has smiled on his cousin fair,
She has married the White Rose there :
When your lips meet to seal the vow,
Tremble, Warbeck ! for dead art thou !

Tremble, O Gordon fair, to wed
With the White Rose, the legend said :
Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
Who would the English White Rose wear.

Does her heart no misgivings know,
Grim forebodings of future woe ?
Yes, she can, though in love's embrace,
Some ill omens of evil trace.

Lo ! an enemy lurks near by !
Who can foe from a friend descry ?
Eleanor Lyndsay, long ago,
Perkin loved, for her weal or woe.

She had met on a certain day,
At the altar in bride's array,
Perkin Warbeck ; but veiled her face,
Lest deception he there should trace.

He had thought her the Gordon fair,
Throbb'd his heart's blood while standing there :
Lo ! he lifted the veil to greet,
Whose those lips that his own would meet ?

They were not of the Gordon fair,
Ah! 'twas Eleanor standing there!
Forth they go from the church in rage,
Never did she his thoughts engage!

Surely he loved the Gordon fair!
He had followed them everywhere:
She had thought he had loved her well,
'Twas her friend! see her bosom swell!

Heave with rage, like the angry sea!
Ah! the passion of jealousy!
She would ruin the Gordon fair,
Perkin Warbeck shall soon despair!

Who can fathom a woman's heart
When a rival has made it smart?
Unrequited her love, and she
Can a fiend of evil be!

So Eleanor thought out a plan,
Robert Clifford—he was the man!
He had loved her, but loved in vain,
She would use him, her ends to gain.

She would seek him, and make him go
To King Henry to let him know
Of the nuptials of Katherine fair,
And the plot that was hatching there.

So he came to the King and told
Of the movements of Warbeck bold;
How that Lancaster soon should fall,
Down with King Henry, throne and all!

Perkin Warbeck, thy day is done !
Thou art only the weaver's son !
Henry has put his foes to flight !
Peace with Scotland ! the end in sight !

Warbeck flies and at Tyburn he
On the scaffold at last we see :
Hark ! the people have heard him say,
I am the weaver's son to-day.

Where, oh where is the Gordon fair ?
See her name on a tombstone there :
" Katherine Gordon : " she is dead,
Lo ! her heart for her love has bled.

Ill shall betide the Gordon fair,
Who England's White Rose fain would wear :
Shed a tear for her ; oh, that she
So deceived by a man could be !

THE LEGEND OF CATHERINE GRAY

EDWARD SEYMOUR, the great and grand,
Loved fair Catherine, sought her hand :
So they married, but none dared tell,
For the Queen the Earl loved well.

And she hated her cousin fair,
She had guarded her everywhere ;
For her claims to the English crown,
Down with the House of Suffolk ! down !

What that whisper that grew apace,
Till, like thunder it rolled through space ?
" Lo ! a son is to Catherine born ! "
" Harlot ! " the Queen exclaimed with scorn.

" Call her into our presence here :
If she cannot her conscience clear,
To a dungeon she now shall go,
There repent for her sin in woe."

To the Court for her trial came
Catherine Gray of spotless fame :
Fairer she than the mighty Queen,
Who would judge her with haughty mien,

Low at her feet she fell, and there
 Begged the Queen her life to spare ;
 " Pardon ? " Elizabeth cried : " ah ! you
 Cast in a dungeon this shall rue.

" There shall the blood within your veins
 Freeze, as the stream, when winter reigns ;
 Doomed to captivity, dark fears
 Haunt you through many lonesome years."

She took her babe within her arms.
 " Heed not," she said, " these false alarms,
 Innocence plead I as my cause."
 The Queen looked down, all saw her pause.

" Surely those features I have seen,"
 As her cheek paled, replied the Queen :
 " Tell me the father of thy child,
 Ere I will spare thy life defiled."

" Wherefore his name should I conceal,
 Whether it be for woe or weal ?
 Edward Seymour, the good and brave ! "
 Catherine said, in accents grave.

" God of my fathers ! " said the Queen ;
 Flashed in her eyes cold hate and spleen,
 " Said I not that this wretch shall die ? "
 Walsingham bowed : " Queens cannot lie."

Catherine's eyes were coals of fire,
 And her voice rose in tones of ire :

“ Though a Queen speaks, ne’er Seymour’s name,
Nor that of Gray shall bear this shame.

“ I am no harlot, haughty Queen,
Wedded to Seymour have I been :
I am his true and lawful wife,
To him I pledged my troth for life.”

Edward Seymour ! Catherine fair !
Were into dungeon cold and bare
Cast by a Queen’s despotic power,
Love alone was Catherine’s dower.

See her kneeling, suppliant there,
’Fore Sir Edward ¹ in fervent prayer :
“ Let me see him, or else I die ! ”
So the Lieutenant heard her cry.

Through the Tower’s dark, gloomy way
Led the Earl to Catherine Gray :
Into his manly arms she fell,
Joy to see him she loved so well !

Whose that footstep upon the floor ?
’Tis Elizabeth at the door !
And Sir Edward in grief, despair,
Bound as traitor, he standeth there.

From the arms of Catherine Gray
Torn her husband like lion at bay :
“ Take him and execute him now ! ”
Guards to the Queen’s command must bow.

¹ Sir Edward Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

“ Can nought save him, oh, gracious Queen ?
He hath thy faithful servant been : ”

“ Nought but the death of thee, ” she said :
“ Then he shall live, though I be dead ! ”

Flashed the dagger of steel on high !
Soon in her breast they saw it lie ;
And in her dying grasp the hand
Of Edward Seymour, great and grand.

Thus the death of Catherine fair,
Wondrous love was hers and rare :
If you meet with a wife as true,
Priceless then be her love to you !

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

HARK ! what clamour within, without !
Hark ! how the people wildly shout !
Lo ! to the Guillotine they go,
On a level are friend and foe !

Aristocrats—the great and grand,
With the lowly together stand :
Many patriots ! Who can tell ?
Some have fought for their country well.

Sainte Lazaare has a prison cell
Where two lovers are forced to dwell :
He a patriot ! She steel true !
Ah ! for him she will dare and do !

Robespierre has cast them there
To the dungeon of black despair :
“ Sea-green Incorruptible ”¹ be !
André Chénier,—who is he ?

Did he not at the Ball recite ?
Stir up the raging mob to fight ?
“ Down with patricians ! ” he had said,
Chénier, thou art good as dead !

¹ Robespierre was called “ The Sea-green Incorruptible.”

Madeline ¹ loved him ! heard his cry !
In the dungeon we see her nigh :
Death no terrors for her can know,
Fire of love in her breast aglow !

“ I will die with you, love,” she said :
“ Oh ! that you from this land had fled !
Gerard warned thee with haste to fly : ”
“ No,” said he : “ for thou, love, wast nigh !

“ Never would I have fled from thee ;
Tinville’s list ² had no fears for me.
Madeline, ah ! my love is true :
As I’ve lived, I will die for you ! ”

She has pleaded that she may die,
If her love they will cease to try :
All her pleading has been in vain,
“ Guilty ! death ! ” she has heard again.

Lo ! near by was a woman fair !
Though half mad, with dishevelled hair !
To the Guillotine she must go,
Pity her in her hour of woe.

As the gaoler at last draws nigh,
“ Monsieur Guillotine ” is near by !
Madeline speaks, and on her face
Mental agony sore we trace.

“ Ah ! ” she said, “ here are louis bright,
Heed my words and a lover’s plight !

¹ Madeline de Coigny, daughter of the Countess de Coigny.

² Fouquier Tinville’s death-list.

For I love him ; the world for me,
If he die, can no longer be !

“ Therefore let me but die with him,
’Tis no fanciful, fitful whim !
See that woman condemned out there,
When they call her, her name I’ll bear.”

He has taken the louis bright,
She has bribed him and won the fight !
Forth to death will these two soon go,
Lovers true can no parting know.

“ Am I free ? ” said the woman fair :
“ Yes, begone ! ” said the gaoler there.
“ God be praised ! ” she says and goes,
Leaves behind all her cares and woes.

See the lovers to death now go,
Yet love banishes pain and woe !
As they stand in a last embrace,
Love’s sweet peace is upon each face.

Robespierre, thy hate has won !
Fouquier Tinville, thy will is done !
Death has claimed those two lovers true,
Victims to hatred and to you.

They in life and in death were true,
So may all be who love and woo !
Oh ! for love such as this, to be
Not of Time, but Eternity !

THE LEGEND OF RYD PENCARN

OH hear of Merlin Sylvester,
And of his prophecy :
Of Ryd Pencarn in Monmouthshire,
Thus of the ford, said he :

“ Whene’er you see a mighty king
With freckled face appear :
And cross to Britain by the ford,
Then Cambria’s fall is near.

King Henry ¹ had a freckled face,
A warlike king was he !
He oft attacked the Welsh, but they
Fought well for liberty.

The priests and minstrels, Merlin’s words
Had taken well to heart :
King Henry must not cross the ford,
Lest Cambria’s might depart.

But Rhys ap Gryffid, being heir
To South Wales sovereignty,
Threw off allegiance to the King,
He as the winds was free !

¹ King Henry II.

Now he had heard of Adelaide,
The beautiful St. Clare :
To a bold knight she was betrothed
Who loved his lady fair.

King Henry was in Normandy,
And Langualee the knight,
Unto her Castle Rhys laid siege
And soon had won the fight.

So to the mountain solitudes
He carried her away :
When Henry heard, his face was wroth,
“ Alas ! ” he said : “ this day ! ”

Barons and knights, a mighty force
To Henry's standard came :
When he arrived on England's shores
To quench revolt's hot flame.

Rumour had spread the dreadful tale
That Adelaide the fair
A sacrifice to Pagan rites
The priests would offer there.

Henry and Hubert de St Clare ¹
Were riding side by side ;
The foemen's arrows flew around,
Good Hubert fell and died.

¹ The father of Adelaide.

Winged was that messenger of death,
Which pierced his noble heart :
He saved King Henry from his doom,
And bore its bitter smart.

“ Farewell, my liege ! ” the soldier said :
“ I die contented here :
I give my life to save my King,
Of death I have no fear.”

“ Nay, nay, my noble soldier true,
I must not lose thee now !
Support the good knight ! ” cried the King,
But death was on his brow.

His eyes were dim, but to the King
He faintly raised a prayer :
“ I pledge my royal word ! ” he said :
“ Avenge my daughter fair !

“ I promise thee that if she lives
I’ll wed her to my knight,
William de Langualee, and he
An Earl shall be by right.

“ If she be dead then Cambria’s might
Shall with the earth lie low.”
So by these words assured, he died ;
The brave to death must go !

Meanwhile, fair Adelaide had raised
To Rhys, a maiden’s prayer :

“ Save me ! save me ! O gracious Prince,
But if I die, beware ! ”

“ Maiden, the priests have charge of thee,
I cannot hear thy cry,”
Said he, and onward spurred his horse,
The arrows thicker fly !

“ Spare her a little,” said a priest,
“ And see how goes the fray :
If Merlin’s prophecy come true,
Or if we win the day.

“ Then let us on the altar make
A sacrifice, with prayer :
The spotless, high-born virgin maid,
Shall be the offering there.”

The cornhirets the trumpets sound
To drown her bitter cry :
As with the bare knives in their hands
The priests are standing by.

What are those sounds that rend the air
Of wailing long and loud ?
King Henry now is near the ford !
Beware ! O tyrant proud !

“ They come ! they come ! ” exclaimed a priest,
“ They now approach the ford !
Bury your knives within her breast,
And succour thus afford.”

Like lightning flew the King's mailed steed ;
And to the bank passed o'er :
Loud was the wailing of the Welsh,
Cambria shall be no more !

In consternation fall the knives
And trumpets to the ground :
And like the forest deer, the Welsh
Are flying, all around.

And lying there, unhurt, alone,
Is Adelaide St. Clare :
Pallid with terror is her face,
That face so young and fair.

The King has seen the prostrate form.
" Lift up your head ! " he cried :
" Henry Plantagenet is here,
Your foes he has defied ! "

She raised her head, and looked at him.
" By Heaven ! " cried the King,
" It is the fair St. Clare I see,
A message sad I bring."

" Oh, is my noble father dead,
Why should I mourn his death ?
But rather that the Welshman's hand
Has spared to me my breath."

" Nay," said the King, " your father willed
That you should be the bride

Of brave de Langualee, the Knight :
Of chivalry the pride ! ”

The lady blushed, but what that shout
That rends the earth and space ?
The English have the victory gained,
They now draw nigh apace.

“ Laurels, my liege ! ” Sir Alan said,¹
“ For Langualee the brave !
For he has captured Rhys the Prince,
And he shall be our slave.”

When, at these words, the Knight drew near,
“ Receive first,” said the King,
“ The noblest gift I can bestow,
The lady fair I bring.”

He rushed into her arms, but she
Had turned her face away :
“ Oh, should we talk of nuptials now
Upon this solemn day ? ”

“ Sweet lady,” said the Knight, “ the pangs
When your dear father died
Assuaged alone were by the thought
That you should be my bride.”

Again she blushed ; then took his hand,
And so they plighted troth :
Then to the Welshmen turned the King
With looks of pain and wroth.

¹ Sir Alan Fitzwalter.

“ Great King,” said Rhys, “ we were in fault,
We yield to England’s power :
No more will we contend in war,
But serve you from this hour.

“ For Merlin’s word has been fulfilled,
We bow to destiny :
The King has crossed Ryd Pencarn ford,
So fealty swear we.”

“ Then,” said the King, “ I do accept
Your promise ; you shall go
Unfettered from my presence now,
As free as winds that blow.”

So was the prophecy fulfilled,
And Cambria laid low :
In Cardiff rang the wedding bells,
True love has solaced woe !

A LEGEND OF ROBERT BRUCE

OH hear a tale of Robert Bruce,
King Bruce of Scotland, brave !
How well he fought the fiery bull
A gallant youth to save.

Earl Duncan longed to show his skill
To chase the fleet red deer,
The noble stag o'er hill and dale,
His bold heart knew no fear.

Oh for the flower-scented dell,
The life so bold and free,
The forests dark of birch and fir !
A hunter's life loved he.

Forth to the chase he gaily went,
And hailed the gladsome morn :
A spirit his to dare and do,
For deeds of prowess born.

From his attendants far he rode,
O'er wood and copse and vale,
When suddenly a stag appeared :
Earl Duncan did not quail !

Yet skill and daring sore were tried,
His arm at length grew weak ;
He knew he must forego the prize
Or death with honour seek.

He chose the latter, he would fight,
And kill the stag or fall ;
But though his heart was brave, his chance
Of victory was small.

When lo, a stranger rode near by,
Of kingly mien was he :
He saw the Earl was sorely pressed,
Though brave as he could be.

So with his lance poised well on high
He rode towards the stag :
He faced that keen and flashing eye,
His courage could not flag :

Till on the greensward dead it lay,
One thrust had laid it low :
Earl Duncan showed no gratitude,
His face with rage aglow.

Thus spake he to the stranger bold :
" Mine honour in the dust !
I would as soon thy blood-red lance
Had through my breast been thrust."

His bold retainers coming near,
Incensed his rage the more :
He turned his back upon the King,
His heart was very sore.

Sir Malise Duff advanced and paid
Acknowledgments for him :
The stranger bowed, he was not hurt,
'Twas but a youthful whim.

Back to the Castle rode the Earl,
And his retainers too :
And with them rode the kingly knight,
Who pierced the red stag through.

When Isabella, watching long,
Beheld her brother's face,
And heard what he had undergone,
She thought it no disgrace

That this brave stranger knight had saved
Her kinsman brave from death :
She listened to the noble tale
And trembling held her breath.

Then thanked him for his wondrous skill
And for his gallant deed,
And begged that he would tarry long,
And ne'er her brother heed.

And so he tarried many days,
They knew not 'twas the King :
The noble Bruce, whom Scotland loved,
Whose praise the minstrels sing.

And we may learn a lesson good
From Bruce of Scotland brave :
Do noble deeds, and humble be ;
In danger's hour be brave.

WULSTAN OF WORCESTER

WULSTAN of Worcester was true and brave,
Bishop was he of the Saxon line :
Clear as a crystal his actions shone,
Steadfast his work for the Church divine.

Loved by the people he served so well,
Doing his duty from day to day :
Tending his flock with a shepherd's care,
Helping the fall'n on life's rough way.

William of Normandy loved him not,
Hated he all of the Saxon line :
Was it not Edward ¹ who gave the staff ?
Made him a Bishop with rights divine ?

So to the Bishop Fitzwalter came,
Gave him commands from his Lord the King :
" Wulstan of Worcester, I greet thee thus,
To thee this message I fain must bring."

" Take off thy ring, and give thou thy staff
To thy successor now named by me !"
" Who is that man ? " said the Bishop brave.
" Robert of Orleans ! it is he ! "

¹ King Edward the Confessor.

“ Robert of Orleans ! Dares the King
Thus to infringe on my rights divine ?
God made me Bishop by Edward’s hand,
Holy and true of the Saxon line.”

“ Thus spake the King : ” said the Baron grave,
“ Come to Westminster ¹ to-morrow, where
You must deliver your staff to him :
No longer may you your office bear.”

“ Yea, I will come,” said the Bishop brave,
Bold as a soldier and true was he :
Oft he had fought in the wars of old,
Mailed as a warrior strong should be.

Meanwhile the people had heard it said :
Wulstan the Bishop they loved so well
No longer Bishop should be : the words
Sounded to them like a funeral knell.

Two lovers talked in the evening’s calm,
Lips like the red rose of June had she !
Fair was the daughter of Wulstan brave,
Fitzwalter’s valiant son was he.

Wulstan the Bishop had said the word :
“ Ne’er shall you marry, I am disgraced ! ”
Baron Fitzwalter had likewise said :
“ Son, wed her not and be so abased ! ”

But lovers brave, they had plighted troth,
So cared they not for their parents’ ire :

¹ Westminster Abbey.

They would be constant and true till death,
Nought but the grave can quench love's pure fire.

"Ah! dares the King," she said, "to inflame
Hearts that my father has loved so well?"

"Yea, he dares all, but the end," he said,
"None but a prophet could that foretell."

"Oh, that my father would e'en consent
"Unto our marriage," she said with tears:
"Yet I will wed thee, my love," he said:
"Whence to your bosom come all these fears?"

Night fell at last and the watery moon
Bathed all the lake with its silver light:
'Neath Edith's window a skiff sailed fast,
Was it her lover who came in sight?

Yes, o'er the waters he came, 'twas he!
Open the casement, thy love to greet:
Swift as the lightning an arrow flies,
Falls, with a scroll, before her feet.

Great her excitement, it is from him:
Bending, she reads it: ah! what is this?
"Come, you must fly with me, let me know,
Wave me, as token, by hand, a kiss."

Can she refuse him and say him nay?
Does he not offer a wedding ring?
"Lo! in the morning thy sire shall go
Unto Westminster to see the King."

“ Who then can hinder our nuptial vows ?
 Wilt thou not unto the Abbey¹ go ?
 There will the good Abbot seal our bonds,
 We two will marry and who can know ? ”

Never were true lovers parted yet !
 Waves she the signal to him below :
 Lightly the skiff o’er the water sails ;
 Lighter the hearts that with love o’erflow !

So on the morrow the lovers met ;
 Rode to the Abbey : their hopes ran high :
 Two other horsemen rode by that way,
 Ah ! it were better they were not nigh.

Robert of Orleans, on his way
 To be made Bishop, espied those two :
 “ Who are they ? ” he to the other said :
 They looked again, and alas ! they knew.

“ Now on my word ! ” one exclaimed, amazed,
 “ There ride the daughter of Wulstan brave
 And young Fitzwalter : the lovers go
 Now to be married ! ” and both looked grave.

“ Ah ! we must thwart their designs,” he said :
 “ For none can ever those bonds undo ! ”
 So setting spurs to their steeds, they rode
 Faster and faster, as rode those two.

“ Whence do you go ? ” said the horsemen bold :
 “ We go,” said they, “ to yon Abbey grey :

¹ The Abbey of St. Anne.

There will this lady be safe from ill :

Dangers," her lover said, " mark her way."

" Nay," Robert said : " you shall go with us

Unto Westminster to see the King ;

For we know well that you go to wed

There in the Abbey to wear the ring ! "

Lo ! at Westminster they all have met,

There wait bold Robert and Wulstan too !

Thus spake Lefranc : ¹ " 'Tis the King's command,

Wulstan ! give place to a man more true !

" You must deliver your ring and staff

To your successor, more worthy he."

Wulstan replied : " Well I know that I

Have held this office unworthily.

" Men are imperfect, and so am I ;

So I in measure submit to you :

But to the King I resign my staff,

Edward ² the Holy Confessor true ! "

So Wulstan rose, and went to the tomb

Of the Confessor ; thus spake the King :

" Whence would thy insolence lead thee now ?

That thou wouldst yield him thy staff and ring ! "

Wulstan of Worcester made no reply ;

But 'fore the tomb of the King knelt he :

Said : " Unto thee I resign my staff ! "

Then all men marvelled the sight to see.

¹ A Milanese monk lately elevated to the Primacy.

² Wulstan was made Bishop by Edward the Confessor.

Smiting the tomb with great force, the staff
 There remained fixed in the solid stone ;
 " Robert of Orleans, pluck it out !
 Keep it ! " the King said : " 'tis thine alone."

So the proud Norman the symbol seized :
 Symbol of office he longed to hold ;
 But as an oak it was rooted there,
 He could not move it, though strong and bold.

" Death ! " cried the King, " to such girlish strength !
 Have Norman prelates no muscles strong ? "
 So Lefranc tried, but he also failed,
 Could not remove it, though tried he long.

Therefore the King with his sinewy hand
 Grasped hard the staff to uproot it then :
 But 'gainst the might of the higher powers
 The proud King was helpless like his men.

Wulstan approached and removed the staff,
 Shouted the people and cheered him well :
 " Surely a miracle he hath wrought !
 Shout loud his praise : of his honour tell !

" Blessed the memory of the King ;
 Holy Confessor and true was he !
 Honour the Bishop, his servant true,
 Honour to Wulstan of Worcester be ! "

Thus spake the Conqueror, as he stood
 Greatly amazed at the wondrous sight :

"To God be praise and His will be done :
Keep thou thy staff, thou hast won the fight !

"And may God pardon our deeds so rash,
His faithful servant thou surely art :
Lo ! thou art Bishop and shalt remain,
For thou art dear to this people's heart."

"But Robert ! were not some persons charged
And in your custody now ? " said he.

"Yea," he replied : "and it grieves me sore
That Bishop Wulstan must not go free."

"Bring them at once to us," said the King :
"And we will grant them an audience here !"
And so they brought those two lovers true.
How her heart beat betwixt love and fear !

"This is the charge, O my Lord the King !
Wulstan of Worcester is now accused
Of witchcraft, magic ; and by his acts
He hath all privilege sore abused.

"He hath persuaded this youth to fall
From his allegiance unto his King :
And grieve his father : and this fair maid
In holy wedlock to wear the ring !"

"Little persuasion," replied the King,
"Needed the youth, for the maid is fair :
They shall be married, and you, my Lord,
Shall in this Abbey¹ unite the pair."

¹ Westminster Abbey.

Thus spake the King to the Bishop true,
Wulstan of Worcester so staunch and brave :
So they were married, two hearts rejoiced
That on the morn had looked sad and grave.

Wulstan the Bishop his staff retained,
Edith and Walter were one, not twain :
So the right triumphed o'er wrong at last,
So shall they triumph who true remain.

THE LOSS OF THE "TITANIC"

(April 1912.)

THE proud Leviathan went forth
Majestic as a Queen !
She churned the waters into foam,
Her equal ne'er was seen.
She brooked no rival to her sway
When sailing o'er the main ;
But Neptune's eye had marked her course,
He laughed, and laughed again !

Far from the cold and frigid zone
Upon an iceberg, he
Came swiftly riding o'er the spume,
The salt and angry sea.
He struck the mighty Queen a blow
That rang her funeral knell ;
And down she sank, with England's sons,
Brave hearts that we loved well.

Oh let us then extol the deeds
Of men so brave and strong !
In battle they had never fought,
Yet will their acts live long
In England's archives, for they died
The pride of all our race :
Nought can those gallant deeds remove,
Nor time their name efface.

PELAGIA AND HYPATIA

The Amal's Song to Hypatia

Lotus flower, beautiful !
 Growing, with thy perfume sweet,
Where the palm, and date-trees wave,
 And the silver streamlets meet.
Nubian desert, Thebaid waste
 Is the world without thy smile :
In Parnassus I shall dwell,
 If thou art my love awhile.

The Amal

Lotus flower, beautiful !
 Pure as Aphrodite bright,
As the Graces, passing fair,
 Filled with wise Athene's light.
All Olympus hails thee queen,
 Prophetess, Alruna, wise !
What were all Pelagia's charms
 To the love-beams in thine eyes ?

Philammon to Pelagia

Come, sister dear, for all is vain,
 Come fly with me, from love and care :

Over the mountains, where men say
 Are dragons, serpents, satyrs rare.
 Oh fear them not, they cannot harm,
 But love can bind the soul in chains,
 Grief waits upon it, and the tears
 Of endless sorrow, toil, and pains.

Pelagia to Philammon

Nay, I cannot fly, nor heed thee, for my loved one loves
 no longer,
 Loves me not, and oh, forgotten are the promises he
 made me !
 Where art thou, my dearest Amal ? See the clouds
 above are weeping ;
 Never Iris smiles upon me, the bright goddess of the
 rainbow :
 And the clouds break not in sunshine, as they break
 when rain is over ;
 For to me thou art the sunshine, all the harmony of
 living.
 Now the lyre no longer charms me, for Orpheus plays
 no longer :
 Would a snake would bite and kill me, as Eurydice,
 when flying
 From Aristæus, pursuing, for perchance my death
 would move him
 To a sense of deep compassion, for the wrong and
 shame I suffer.
 For his love to me the life is, as the trunk to leaves and
 branches ;

Severed from him, I am lonely, and at length must
die with sorrow.

If I see not my beloved, all the world is like a desert
Where his smile can never greet me, therefore I would
live no longer.

The Amal to Pelagia

Hence ! begone ! for unavailing
Is thy grief, I now discard thee,
For a fairer flower is blooming,
Fragrant smelling, blooming for me :
In the garden of my longing,
In my heart, as queen is dwelling :
Sweet Hypatia, the fairest,
And my soul with joy is swelling.

The Amal to Hypatia

Once I loved Pelagia,
As the bee loves June's red rose :
Now I love thee, flow'r more sweet
Than the best on earth that blows.

Hypatia to the Amal

Shall Hypatia stoop to love ?
Favourite of the gods is she !
Zeus the father of the gods
Bids her no man's slave to be !
Love burns like the Simoom wind,
Burns the common clay like flame ;
Love then still Pelagia,
For Hypatia scorns love's name.

The Amal to Hypatia

King of the Goths am I,
 Flashes my burning eye
 Like to the flash of Thor,
 When the loud thunders roar.
 Dost thou disdain my love ?
 By all your gods above
 Shall you in fear and pain
 Regret such bold disdain !
 For hark the crowd without !
 Loud all the Christians shout,
 " Heathen ! she now shall die ! "
 Whither, then, can you fly ?

Hypatia to the Amal

Scorn I these Christian dogs,
 As I have scorned thy love !
 Fearless of death, I go :
 Call on the gods above.
 Shall it be said I feared ?
 Minerva hears my call,
 So will I now go forth,
 Braving the Christians all.

Pelagia

Here will I die : no peace for me !
 My love is like the sun at morn,
 Bright as its beams, and warm and free ;
 But his like eve, ere night is born.
 Fading its rays, obscured its sun,
 Cold as the North Wind's icy breath,

Fled, as the Summer o'er and done,
On this cold steel I'll meet my death.
Mercy for me ? Ah ! there is none !
Only hell flames, eternal fire.
In sunny June, my heart he won,
In winter's storms, I feel his ire.
Only for me its cold, dark night,
Loneliness, sorrow, black despair :
Yet how I love him, worship him !
Danger and death for him I'd bear.
When have I wronged him ? scorned him so
That I should meet with such disdain ?
Can my heart bear Hypatia's love
Reigning where only mine should reign ?
Fool that I was to trust his love !
Ne'er shall he kiss my lips again !
Though I incur the wrath above ;
Better my death than endless pain ;
Since this vile siren steals my love,
Causing me endless shame and woe,
I must be silent as a slave
And into outer darkness go.
Lay bare my bosom, can I feel
More than this endless, cruel bane ?
Piercéd my heart, my cheek's hot glow
Shall fade, when flows life's purple main.

Listen ! a footstep on the stairs !
Hark ! for thy faithless love is nigh !
Stay ! ere you fall upon the sword,
Wait and receive him, ere you die.

Pelagia to the Amal

Seek not to clasp me in thy warm embraces,
 Cruel thy heart, and faithless hast thou been,
 Just is my ire ! I blush in recollection !
 Hence ! and no longer with thy toy be seen !

The Amal

Nay, say not so, for I am come to love thee.

Pelagia

Speak not of love, but to Hypatia fair.

The Amal

Ah ! She is dead ! Can cold lips kiss and greet me ?

Pelagia

Would I were dead ! No grief then should I bear.

The Amal

Turn not in scorn, but kiss my lips in greeting.

Pelagia

Faithless art thou, so false that kiss would prove !

The Amal

But I love thee, as sunbeams love at meeting,

Pelagia

Never again fair words my heart shall move.

The Amal

Where is my sword ?

Pelagia

Oh ! take it now, and slay me !

The Amal

Ah ! Soul of Odin ! Why, you hold it fast !

Pelagia

Were it not better far to die, than living
To bear this shame which thou hast on me cast ?

The Amal

Oh ! hear my prayer ! no vain petition bring I,

Pelagia

But such as thou to sweet Hypatia brought.

The Amal

Nay, for thee life I fain would give, so hear me.

Pelagia

If that be true, then prove it as you ought.

The Amal

Yes, I will prove it, noble Pelagia :
Sure of my love, thy spirit shall have rest ;
Never again will I forsake thee, loved one,
But live for thee, I vow I love the best.

Pelagia and the Amal

Never again will I from thee be parted,
But live for thee, I vow I love the best.

THE TEMPEST

RAGE, tempest, rage ! and blow, ye angry winds !
For in your power is much charm for me :
The thunder's mighty peal, sonorous, speaks
Of forces which are great and grand and free.

Rage, wondrous storm ! and plough the crested main,
Where the Leviathan, with breath of foam,
Sported of old upon the salt sea waves,
Majestic in its vast and watery home.

Blow, wild winds, blow ! root up the stately elm,
The strong and mighty oak shall own your sway :
Its weather-beaten trunk of age shall bend
As sapling young and green of yesterday.

Reign, tempest, reign ! yes, reign a little while :
Then rest, while I look back, behold the plain :
See the destruction that has marked your way,
Until you bid the thunders roll again.

THE FOREST

THE forest is not silent !

A store of life is there !
And many hidden treasures
In plants and insects rare.
The myriapede, the mantis,
The black and yellow ants,
The cricket and ant-lions
There find a home ; and plants,
And trees, and ferns and leaves are crowned
With nature's beauty all around.

The elephant, the bull-frog,
The greatest and the least,
Live in its vast recesses,
And on its verdure feast ;
The roaring lion, roaming
Where man hath never trod,
In undisputed freedom,
Seeks for his meat from God.
Deep in its shades, there is no day,
But thorn and cactus bar the way.

Behold the beech and fir trees,
Whence have these giants birth ?
Their branches rearing heavenwards,
Sending their tears to earth.

For when the rain, descending,
Is sprinkled on their tops,
They love the sun's warm kisses,
Their sorrow downward drops,
And breezes whispering tuneful notes
Are echoed back by many throats.

When viewing nature's grandeur,
And as her works we scan,
We feel how vain and helpless,
And small and frail is man ;
To raise a spreading fir tree,
Create a leaf or flower,
To give it life and colour,
O man ! where is thy power ?
We can but bow our heads and say,
Nature leads up to God alway.

THE DEATH OF THE ARAB'S STEED

SPIRIT of a living fire,
Full of vigour, strength, and might !
Given by the gods to man,
Free as air, or sunbeam light ;
Now alas ! thou art no more,
Pain and anguish rend my breast ;
Why, O death ? why take my steed ?
Take my love, that I loved best ?

Whither art thou fled ? come back !
Come to me, O spirit flown !
It was sweet and bright with thee,
In the deserts parched and lone.
Come back to my stricken heart
That no longer takes its rest :
For my well-loved steed is dead,
And the Love, that I loved best.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

ST. GEORGE for England ! This our cry
Wherever we may roam,
It is the call of duty grand,
Of fatherland and home.
When we are ordered east or west,
To win the fight, or die :
We'll march victorious home again,
Or 'neath the cold sod lie.

Then let the silver trumpets blow,
And bugles sound apace !
Let war-drums rattle, cannon roar !
The foe we'll boldly face.
Our courage shall not ever flag,
God will our strength renew ;
And we will fight and conquer all,
Our hearts are brave and true.

We'll fight upon the foaming main,
Or on the barren strand ;
And Britons ever staunch will be
Where foemen thickest stand.
When love and duty fire the soul,
And King and Queen and Crown :
St. George ! our cry, we'll onward press,
And win our land's renown.

Then brothers, up ! and heed the call
That rings o'er hill and dale :
Are not your patriot hearts on fire ?
Shall we our country fail ?
Oh, never cast a glance behind,
But forward to the goal ;
And so the battle-cry, St. George !
Shall down the ages roll.

SONG OF THE MAELSTRÖM

Blow, cruel wind, from the cold North-West
Lashing the waters to angry foam :
Woe to the ship sailing proudly by !
Never again will her men come home !
Hi ho ! hi ho ! for brave hearts must go :
'Tis death in the Maelström down below.

A brave heart sailed for the grinding stream,
Nor heeded the wind from the cold North-West ;
For many a woe and care knew he,
His love was dead and he loved her best.
Hi ho ! hi ho ! for he soon must go :
'Tis death in the Maelström down below.

A whale in the ocean proudly swam,
And lashed the current to left and right ;
And high in the air a cascade threw
Of waters that glistened in sunbeams bright.
Hi ho ! hi ho ! for he'll soon lie low,
To Flagstadt's coast he will stranded go.

LOVE'S SUPREMACY

CUPID has conquered men's proud hearts
And victor shall remain :
Though worldly powers may vanquished be,
Nought shall his power restrain.

For vain was Phœbus' magic power
Who once the Python slew ;
More magic was the dart of love,
Which pierced his proud heart through.

Cydonian skill cannot outdo
Thy sure unerring aim :
Though mighty empires fade away,
Yet love remains the same.

THE MARRIAGE VOW

THE Cuckoo greets Spring's welcome hours,
June's sweet red rose, the bee,
The humming-bird the flower sweet,
But I, O love, greet Thee.

The woodlands woo the zephyr soft,
The rivers broad, the sea :
The sunbeam woos the primrose fair,
But I, O love, woo Thee.

The ewe loves well her bleating lamb,
The kite, its fledglings three,
The knights of old loved ladies fair,
But I, sweetheart, love Thee.

All nature greets, and woos, and loves,
But this I vow for Thee,
My love shall never Winter know,
But Summer always be.

THE SEASONS

A SONG CYCLE

QUARTET FOR FOUR VOICES

SPRING is here so sweet and fair,
Soft winds blow with perfumed air :
April lambs now sport and play,
To the Shepherd's tuneful lay :
And the Autumn days foretell
Snow and frost o'er hill and dell.

So our lives youth's Springtime know,
And affection's early glow
Heralds warmer days of love,
While the sun serene above
Has not sunk in evening's grey,
And the darkness veils our way.

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND TENOR

Soprano

Thou art as the oak tree tall,
Strong and firm whate'er befall :
Though I feel the tempest's breath,
Thou art faithful, strong as death.

Tenor

Thou art sweet as Spring's first flower,
 When the storms no longer lower :
 Or as rose 'neath summer blue,
 Constant is my love for you.

SPRING

Soprano

Spring is here with zephyr sweet,
 Lo ! the lark his mate doth greet.
 All the woods are decked in green,
 As by fairy hand unseen.
 Sing, O sing, with heart and voice,
 Madrigals of Spring ! Rejoice !

Come, O heart, with love so sweet,
 Press thy lips to mine, and greet :
 Thou art fairer than the flowers
 Growing in the scented bowers.
 Sing, O sing, with heart and voice,
 And in youth and love, rejoice !

SUMMER

Tenor

Comes the Summer ! and the rose
 'Neath the azure sweetly blows ;
 With the scent of new-mown hay,
 And the lark's inspiring lay.

THE SEASONS

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Spring and Summer now are wed,
And all tears and sorrow fled.

Come, O lips, red as the rose,
Sweet as any flower that blows
To my lips, and fondly say
All thy heart is mine to-day,
And we two will wed, and I
For thy sake will live and die.

DUET FOR CONTRALTO AND BASS

Contralto

I adore in mellow tone
Only thee, ah ! thee alone :
Thou art warm as Summer's glow,
Though the earth is white with snow.
Where love's beams are ever shed,
Pain and grief and care are fled.

Bass

Though the earth is white with snow,
Warm as when June roses blow
Is my love, and all my care
Is that Spring may greet thee fair.

Contralto

And my heart, O love, to thee,
Ever constant, true shall be.

AUTUMN

Contralto

Autumn comes ! its chilly breeze
Bends the giant forest trees :
Leaves are falling red and gold,
Flocks are gathered in the fold.
For the North's Wind's icy breath
Speaks of sorrow and of death.

Age must come to you and me,
Dearer art thou, and shalt be
Closer in my warm embrace,
Time shall ne'er my love efface.
Winter's storms may e'en be nigh,
Constant ever, true am I.

WINTER

Bass

Ah ! the stormy winds now blow,
All the earth is white with snow ;
And the lark is heard no more,
Nature sleeps from shore to shore.
Tears and sorrow, death and pain
O'er the land as monarchs reign.

Dearest heart, shall we grow old ?
Ay, in years ! but never cold
Shall my warm affection be
For my own true love, for thee.

Though our hair be white as snow,
Still our love no age shall know.

EPILOGUE FOR THE FOUR VOICES -

Thus the ending of our song,
Life is short, but love is strong :
It shall reign eternally,
And our love shall constant be.
As the years and seasons pass,
Change must come to all, alas !
Love shall never pass away,
But shall conquer ! and decay,
Even death itself shall be
Vanquished in love's victory.

SONG OF THE WIND

BLOW, gentle wind, from the fragrant South,
Kissing the flowers 'neath azure blue ;
Thou art far sweeter, O love, to me,
To thee I vow I will e'er be true.

Blow, cruel wind, from the icy North,
Freezing the flowers that fade and die :
Though all life's storms shall around us rage,
We will be constant, love, you and I.

SONG OF THE SEA

HARK to the sad sea waves
Beating upon the shore !
Sweetheart, come back to me,
Sad am I evermore.

Hark to the sad sea waves !
Ever my salt tears flow :
Must I for ever be
Left to my grief and woe ?

Bright are the sunlit waves !
Love, thou hast heard my call :
Only to live for thee !
Thou art my life and all.

THE SONG OF YOUTH

Joyous as lark at morn,
Or as Apollo free :
Golden as sunlit corn
Love and youth are to me.

Winter will soon be nigh,
Storms and rude tempests blow :
Never a tear or sigh
Sweet youth and love shall know.

Age with its silver grey,
Winter with mantle white :
Though they must come our way,
Love shall our hearts unite.

THE SONG OF ROSES

ROSES red ! roses red !
Lips of ruby, sweet and fair !
Fragrant scented from the bower,
Where dwells Cupid's art and power.
Posies sweet ! sunlight shed !
Oh to kiss those lips and dare
All for thee as knights of old :
Loving thee in joy and pain,
Counting never loss nor gain :
Through all trials staunch and bold,
Lady fair of priceless worth,
Ruby lips of joy's sweet birth :
For thy sake all battles won,
Every action nobly done :
Lady fair ! ruby lips !
Thou art more than countless gold,
Thou to me art joy untold.

Roses red ! roses red !
Eyes of light and softest blue :
Bright as Seraph's ! soft as eve
When the fairies shadows weave.
Posies sweet ! fragrance shed !
Oh to kiss those lips so true,

And for aye be true to thee :
Bow before thee as thy slave,
To endure, and to be brave :
From all danger safe with me,
Lady, thou art all my care,
Death for thee I fain would bear ;
Thus for thee to live or die !
Heed thy slightest wish or sigh !
Lady fair ! ruby lips !
Never shall my love grow cold,
Though moons wane and times grow old.

SPRING

BLOSSOMS sweet, and flowerets see,
Magic verdure at thy decree ;
Cuckoos singing to you and me,
Zephyrs chasing the busy bee.
The feathered minstrels hither fly
And bid adieu the Eastern sky.
All hail ! sweet Spring, all hail ! we cry,
Stay with us ! do not say good-bye.

An echo faint from yonder shore
Tells us that Spring shall be no more.
Drink while you may, then, Spring's delight,
Too soon, alas ! 'twill take its flight.
Decay and change to life are nigh,
The Winter storm to Summer sky,
All hail ! sweet Spring ; all hail ! we cry,
Yet Springtime fades, for Spring must die.

So budding life and love we see,
Vernal beauty for you and me ;
All the gladness and joy of day,
All the roses upon life's way
Fade, and droop, and sleep in death
At the North Wind's icy breath,
Wake again when the West winds blow,
Melting the hoarfrost and the snow.

I CALL MY LOVE AT MORNING

WITHIN this lovely garden
Where fragrant jasmine grows,
And where the dewdrops glisten
Upon the blushing rose.
I call my love at morning,
Ere lark is in the sky :
I call her in the evening,
When stars peep out on high.

Gertrude, I love thee,
Sweet as jasmine fair !
Lips of ruby rare !
Thou art like the rose,
Sweetest flower that blows !
Thou art all to me.

And yet I do not see thee,
Thy feet love far to stray :
Within the maze out yonder,
The world's hard, thorny way.
I call thee in the morning,
And at the close of day :
O Gertrude ! come and love me,
And with me ever stay.

What is that vision yonder,
Like sand dune whirled in air ?
I see thy form belovéd,
Its magic beauty rare.
It speaks to me of rhythm,
Of harmony and grace :
In every step and movement
Perfection I can trace.

I call my love at morning,
At evening thou art nigh :
To dance within this garden,
When stars are in the sky.
Gertrude, I love thee,
Sweet as jasmine fair !
Dance, in movement rare,
Like the fleet gazelle,
Darting through the dell !
Thou art all to me.

“SUNBEAM! SUNBEAM! DO NOT FLY!”

“SUNBEAM! sunbeam! do not fly!”

Said a rose, one morning :

“I am sweet and need your light,
Leave me not with scorning!”

But the sunbeam, flying, said :

“Sweet rose, hide your sorrow,
There are other flowers to love,
I’ll come back to-morrow.”

So all day the dark clouds hung
O’er the sweet rose dying,
Till the dews of night fell fast,
Mingling with her sighing.
When the morrow dawned so fair
Lo! the sunbeam darting
To the sweet red rose of yore
Kissed her, as at parting.

But he kissed a faded flower
With no fragrance flowing
From the honey-scented leaves,
Once so sweetly growing.
So he sought for other flowers
Ever new, nor staying!
Constant never, never true,
Always flying, straying.

So, fair maiden, trust him not,
Man's a sunbeam ever !
Flitting on from flower to flower,
Seldom faithful ever.
There are many flowers to woo,
Many pretty posies !
They are sweet and men will love
Roses, roses, roses.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

(17th March 1909.)

ALL hail our noble patron Saint !
While wearin' o' the Green !
Firm patriot hearts, united men
Are Ireland's sons, I ween.
As surges high the Western main
Which thunders round our land,
So hearts beat high with proud disdain
As tyrants we withstand.

As David kept the flocks, yet he
When King his people freed,
So great Saint Patrick herded sheep,
Well might his sad heart bleed !
Until the chains of bondage burst
He came, glad light to shed,
That light of freedom, truth and love,
For which our sires have bled.

Then hail the son who gave us birth,
And heed our country's calls,
From fair Killarney's lakes and fells
To Erin's marble halls.

While wearin' o' the green, my lads
And lasses fair and true !
We'll raise the glass, Ould Ireland's sons,
Our hearts shall beat for you.

As on the Slemish mountain's side
The seer of old received
The vision of his well-loved race,
Lighthearted, strong and freed.
So to the Irish speaks a voice,
A voice which cannot lie :
In freedom is our victory,
For it we live or die.

Great is our mission ! as of old
St. Patrick led the way ;
Stand by your colours, raise the flag,
Our standard, high to-day.
Shoulder to shoulder ! heart to heart !
One firm, united race ;
Age shall not change our country's love,
Nor time our name efface.

ON CANADA

CANADA, home of the free !
Endless prospects rise for thee
From the vista of the past,
Through the ages long and vast :
Lo, the citadel of old
Tells of deeds so oft retold :
Of the fathers, resting there,
Free from sorrow, toil and care.
Old Quebec, our country's pride !
Home of mighty men that ride
O'er the land with haste and speed,
Over hill and dale and mead :
Flying, with the power of steam,
Quick as lightning's flash and gleam
Where the waving corn grows high,
Golden, 'neath the sunlit sky ;
Ere the winds of Winter blow,
And the Chinook thaws the snow.
And the humming-bird is seen,
Iridescent, fairy green,
Sipping honey from the flower,
Sweet pea in the scented bower :
Hark ! the oriole black and gold,
Calls her mate o'er verdant wold :

Where the prairie chickens roam
And the wild geese find a home,
So our sons in Empire vast,
Read the future in the past,
One our aim, and one our cry,
"Fatherland!" we live or die
For our country! 'Tis for thee
That we work, and live to see
That which seer has oft foretold
Of our race so free and bold:
That its sun shall never set,
We will reign, and conquer yet!
And our nation strong and brave,
Conquering, shall help and save.

SPANISH SONGS

I

'NEATH the palms shady and still,
Down through the lanes by the mill,
The donkeys with panniers go,
Silver the river below !

Dark Andalusian swain
Tries a maid's love to regain :
She in a bright-coloured shawl
Leans on a jar 'neath a wall.

Spain is the land that I love,
With the pure azure above,
And the dark maidens, whose eyes
Flash with love's fire and surprise.

II

Under the brown olive's shade,
Borne on the breeze down the glade,
Hark ! to the castanet's ring !
Cupid is now on the wing.

Orange and citron grow there,
Moss-grown, the fountains are fair :
Myrtle and cypress are nigh,
Blended love's laughter and sigh.

LO ! THOU REIGNEST

Lo ! my heart for thee is yearning,
Thou to me art life and love :
Fires within my bosom burning,
Are enkindled from above.

As a crystal fountain flowing,
Sparkling in each sunny ray :
So thine eyes with love are glowing,
Thou art dearer every day.

Life for me can know no sorrow,
Death for me can bring no pain ;
For eternal is the morrow,
And the love I seek to gain.

True as steel will I be ever :
Words no monarch shall gainsay :
Lo ! thou reignest, and ah, never
Shall another love hold sway.

TO GERTRUDE

THERE is sweetness in the zephyr,
And the lark's glad song at morn :
There is beauty in the sunshine,
As it greets the golden corn :
But thou art, O Gertrude, dearest,
Sweeter, lovelier to me
Than the red rose perfumed zephyr,
Or the sunshine o'er the lea.

Oft the world is cold and cruel,
And the heart is sad and lone,
And the soul in anguish crying,
Like the sea's perpetual moan ;
But for thee my heart is yearning,
When I feel thy warm caress,
It is life and love and sunshine,
And the way is shadowless.

So I'll fold thee closer, Gertrude,
In a strong and firm embrace :
Time shall never change our ardour,
Nor our plighted love efface.
It is joy to know and love thee !
It is grief without thy smile !
I will kiss those lips of ruby,
Press thy heart to mine awhile.

As in time, life ever changing,
Death must stem its crimson flood,
And the heart in anguish riven
Feel the freezing of the blood :
Yet fear not, doubt not, dear Gertrude,
I'll await thee on the shore
Where true love can ne'er be severed,
But shall live for evermore.

THE END

PRESS NOTICES

“LYRICS AND LEGENDS”

“A promising playwright and poet. . . . Mr. Beresford’s muse is in excellent vein when singing in old British ballad form, and especially in ancient Scandinavian saga style. The book has been accepted by the King, by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the King of Spain.”—*Referee*.

“Mr. Beresford is at his best in his historical ballads, which, without following the ancient models too slavishly, preserve the ancient spirit well.”—*Times*.

“A collection of poems, grave and humorous, displaying marked ability. ‘The Spectre’s Voyage,’ a pathetic tradition of Hereford, is graphically related, and ‘Harold the Saxon, or the Monk’s Prophecy,’ is another admirable piece of writing. These are typical; the other poems are equally successful, and will be read with pleasure and interest.”—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

“Lyrics are put first in the title of this versatile book, but its legends, or ballads and narrative pieces, count for much more, both quantitatively and qualitatively, in the whole effect of the volume. The writer does not sing a song so well as he tells a story. His Coronation Ode, his Corsair Song, and his outburst on the Diamond Jubilee go with a proud and dignified march. The story-pieces, on the other hand, the tale of the ghost on the River Wye, that of the monk’s prophecy in Saxon Harold’s time, the Norse romances of ‘Eric and Gyda,’ and the story in tripping trochaics, in form after ‘Hiawatha,’ in matter out of the Scandinavian mythology,—all these gain vigour from their subjects. The work reflects no little credit on its writer’s accomplishment as an artificer of verse.”—*Scotsman*.

“The new volume of poems by Mr. Dudley Beresford brings prominently before the public one who is, by virtue of his literary achievements in this connection and also as a dramatist, worthy to take an honourable place among his contemporaries. He has the real poetic muse, broad culture, lofty ideals, and an intimate acquaintance with legendary lore. Many of the shorter poems will doubtless, with appropriate music, become popular songs.

PRESS NOTICES—*continued*

Here is an unexplored field which composers will do well to consider. The longer poems, such as 'The Spectre's Voyage,' 'Harold the Saxon,' 'Eric and Gyda,' and 'Harold and Gunhilda,' will doubtless inspire some of our young composers, the subjects being of absorbing interest, and their treatment so felicitous as to awaken unqualified admiration."—*The London Musical Courier*.

"Old ballads, or rather old historical legends cast in antique ballad-form, seem to be Mr. Beresford's favourite style of composition. The Hereford tradition of Hugh Despenser and the Wye Ferry, tales of the Red King and Harold the Saxon, and eke of St. Hubert, the patron of the hunting-field, figure as so many subjects of his facile pen. Of a more elaborate and larger kind is also his 'Eric and Gyda,' a romance from the Norse. With these we have a handful of loyal tributes of our own time—the Jubilee of 1897, the Coronation of 1902, and Princess Ena's wedding; while the humorous touch is not wanting in such effusions as the 'Little Bug and the Big Bug.'"—*The Bookseller*.

"Dudley Beresford has written a most entertaining little volume of poems, showing ability in versification of no mean order; the Norse legends, 'Eric and Gyda' and 'Harold and Gunhilda,' are especially noteworthy in this respect, and a pleasing feature of the former is the helpful notes which are appended. The volume also contains poems on great events, and some of the love ditties lend themselves admirably to musical setting."—*The Scarborough Post*.

"This is a neatly got up volume of miscellaneous poems, grave and humorous. Historical subjects are effectively dealt with, the shorter lyrics show poetic fancy, and the more substantial contributions display not a little dash. The items more especially noticeable are: 'The Spectre's Voyage,' a tradition of Hereford; 'Harold the Saxon, or the Monk's Prophecy'; 'Eric and Gyda,' a Norse romance; 'Harold and Gunhilda,' in imitation of Longfellow, &c. Several pages of explanatory notes are given."—*The Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*.

"Mr. Beresford has a pretty turn for narrative, and can write vigorous verse of a straightforward kind."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"There is something about the swing and measure of these poems that reminds us of 'The Chevy Chase.' It is a fine old

PRESS NOTICES—*continued*

measure, and one distinctly enjoys it as a change from the sonnets, blank verse, and heavier metres that are turned out every day of the year. Many of the verses deal with Norse, Saxon, and Norman themes. There is 'A Corsair Song,' too, that we like, and one on 'The Myth of the Camel's Creation.' Mr. Beresford's songs set the hand tapping and the heart beating, and what more can one say?"—*The Winnipeg Telegram*.

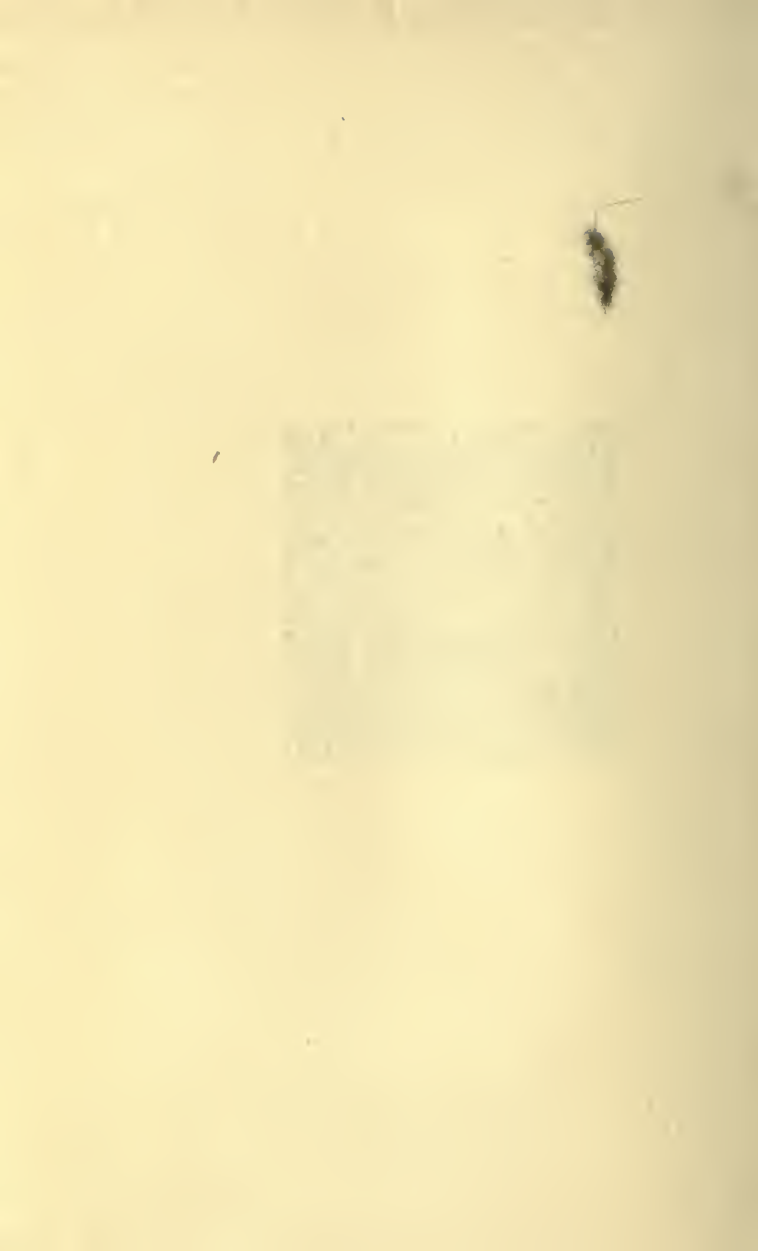
"The author of these poems writes smoothly-running verse in a variety of styles, and with several of them we are well pleased. One of the most notable is entitled, 'Harold and Gunhilda,' a Norse legend, done in the metre of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' and generally successful. We cannot but admire the author's courage. 'Eric and Gyda' is, perforce, reminiscent of another of Longfellow's best known poems, because the story is laid in the days of King Olaf, and names made familiar by Snorro's chronicle and the American poet's 'Saga' constantly recur."—*The Norfolk Chronicle and Norwich Gazette*.

"'Harold the Saxon' is a ballad written round the tradition that the last Saxon king did not die at Senlac, but lived on through the next two reigns a monk at Waltham. 'The Unheeded Warning' has for theme the Death of Rufus in the New Forest, and we must also mention the verses on St. Hubert, 'The Legend of the Two Thieves,' and the poetic paraphrase of the well-known address of the old thane at Edwin's court when confronted with the claims of the first Christian missionary. The poems are not all concerned with saga times. The death of the late Queen, the Coronation of King Edward, the marriage of Princess Ena to the King of Spain, and some other comparatively recent events have in turn inspired the poet's muse."—*The Norfolk Standard*.

"There is some good work in these poems. 'Harold and Gunhilda' is a lyric quite able to stand on its own merits, which are many, without the apologetic heading that it is 'In Imitation of Longfellow.' Some verses headed 'Confessions' have a good deal of pretty writing in them. A Norse romance entitled 'Eric and Gyda' is the longest and about the best in the volume. The author indulges in great variety in the length of his lines, from 'Where art thou, oh my beloved? for my heart is torn asunder!' to 'Hark! a pipe.' But he is equally at home in all."—*The Tablet*.

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